

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“ A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. II.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE COMPANION.

Sir,

IN your last Companion, I met with some judicious observations on the excellence of the ancient classicks. It should I think be the pride of every one who is at all conversant in this study to recommend and hold it up to the attentive consideration of the publick. Perhaps the By-Stander, has not viewed this polite and useful branch in its greatest variety of lights ; and although the author of the following reflections on classical literature does not propose to go so far into the subject ; yet if you judge them deserving of a place you will oblige him by giving them an insertion.

Nocturnâ versate manu versate diurnâ.

Hor. A. P.

The friends and admirers of native genius and unvitiated taste must view with mingled regret and indignation the disuse into which ancient learning has lately fallen, and the neglect into which it continues to sink. Like the ruins of some superb edifice, which for ages has withstood the ravages of time, and resisted the shocks of war, classical literature, soaring above the mists of prejudice, and having attained such an elevated rank in the temple of knowledge as it was entitled to by its worth, at length ceases to attract the attention of the votaries of science. This is a revolution greatly to be lamented. Whilst the world conspire to decry the study of the classicks, whilst every illiterate boor complains of the loss of time they occasion, and every silly and pert ignoramus declaims against their utility, the wise man and the man of universal knowledge sees without partiality, and estimates without preju-

dice, their exalted merit. He surveys with wonder and astonishment, the poets, the orators, the historians and the philosophers, of antiquity; he learns to admire their sublimity and to be ravished with their beauty. The simple and unaffected charms of nature, he beholds in every page of their works. From the deep and roaring cataract, to the limpid and purling rill ; from the fierce & impetuous lion to the gentle and peaceful lamb ; from the most trivial to the grandest objects in nature, we have unnumbered instances of their power of description ; instances which have not only gained them the respect and veneration of contemporary ages, but have continued through a succession of generations to command the admiration of mankind. The faithful painters of nature, one would think, that they surely are the safest and most perfect models for our imitation. But we are met by an objection which is triumphantly resounded in our ears, that there have existed men who, guided by the inspiration of genius alone and unaided by the fostering care of education, have risen to a height which is coveted in vain by the student of antiquity. It must not, cannot be denied that the illustrious Shakespeare is an example. As the towering oak of the forest that branches out into all the wildness and grandeur of nature ; so the immortal bard from amidst his blemishes soars into excellency, which the puny followers of ancient excellence strive fruitlessly to rival. They may imitate, at an humble distance ; but they are utterly destitute of his transcendant genius. But what reader of common taste is not sensible of his defects ? Where is the person of common understanding, to whom his faults are not manifest ? His multiplied breaches of decorum are discernable throughout his works. Had the reins of this wild unbroken genius been committed, but in a small degree, to the skilful hand of a Sophocles, he would not have been guilty of those innumerable violations of common decency, at which refinement so justly complains ; we should not have been shocked at those grotesque in-

congruities, of comic and tragic, gay and serious, which are every where conspicuous.

The study of the classicks forms the taste, assists the imagination and inspires the soul with the purest and most disinterested sentiments of virtue. Every body is sensible that the faculties of reason are of slower growth than the fancy. In the infancy of the world, men are struck with wonder and admiration at the novelty and variety of objects which the great theatre of nature exhibits: hence they describe with a boldness of diction and strength of mind which are, in a great degree, unknown in its maturity. This truth is strikingly exemplified upon comparing the productions of ancient and modern times. Art and refinement characterise the latter: the former are strongly marked by nature and simplicity. The ancients, from copying nature with a faithful pencil, paint with all the grandeur of simplicity. He is therefore much mistaken who fancies that his taste is to be refined, and his fame as an author, to spread by the bare reading of modern performances. By a perpetual study of the classicks only is he to promise himself the hope of breathing their spirit and naturalizing their excellencies in his own language. Let him not sip at the stream, but manfully ascend to the fountain head, and drink large draughts. They cannot fail to prove salutary, and invigorating. We have not a more incontestible proof of the merit of this study than the success with which Mr. Addison applied himself to it. Whilst sound sense and right reason and genuine taste hold a place among us, it will be universally agreed that the graces claim him as their own favourite pupil. That graceful air and beautiful simplicity which distinguish the works of genius, and which all suppose themselves capable of acquiring, but which upon trial is found to be almost impossible,

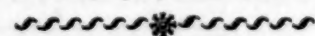
ut sibi quivis
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret,
Hor. A. P.

can, in no sort, be so well attained as by a close application to the classicks.

But there is a consideration of much higher concernment than any yet offered why this study should be attended to. Does not the heart beat with admiration upon contemplating the patriotic Cato? And does not the soul thirst to emulate the great exemplar of public virtue? How can so noble a purpose be better answered than by an attentive perusal of the ancient authors? He who believes that the translated histories of Greece and Rome are fully adequate to this design, has not formed a true conception of the originals. The ancient historians excel par-

ticularly in lively and picturesque description. In surveying the living pictures with which their works abound, the imagination is kept continually glowing and the heart is insensibly moulded to nobleness and virtue. Instead of the sentiments of a hero being formally and gravely related, he is made to give them utterance with all the energy and boldness of eloquence, of which the historian is master. How wonderful the effect, how lasting the impression!

Thus we have seen how the taste is fashioned and the heart informed with sentiments of virtue by the study of ancient literature, and shall only remark that it behoves those who are blessed with health and a competency to enter with spirit and vigour upon a study by which not only their own interest and happiness is to be advanced, but the welfare & honour of their country to be insured. C.



The Editor, ever anxious to win the esteem of honourable men, and gentlemen who have sufficient patriotism to cherish the institutions of our own country, receives no small pleasure from the commendation of those, with whom he considers himself associated in a common cause. Endeavouring to excite and aiding in the pursuit of literary acquirements, is honourable evidence of an aspiring soul, already far above the meanness of little actions.

To the first number of a series of essays on a subject interesting to all, we make free to prefix the remarks of their author, in reply to our note of last week. There runs a vein of frankness and independence through his reply which challenges our respect; and as he consents to our omitting that part which seemed to stamp *personality* on the 3d number, we gladly commence the publication of these papers, on the Science of

PHYSIOGNOMY.

Zephyrus is by no means inclined to arrogate to himself the exclusive privilege of dictating to the Editor of the Companion; nor is he at all desirous that any of the wholesome regulations which may have been wisely adopted by the Editor, should in any case be dispensed with for the furtherance of individual gratification. But as much as he is inclined to respect the opinions and determination of Mr. Easy, he cannot upon mature deliberation consent that any alteration be made in his 3d No. saving the omission of the paragraph purporting to furnish a "*clue*" to the reader, and over which he has drawn the pen. He conceives that the omission of said paragraph will remove all likelihood of odium attaching to the Editor for the entire insertion of the residue.

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Zephyrus would infinitely prefer a total rejection to a partial admission. He gave an unfeigned preference to the Companion for the insertion of his papers, over any other miscellany. Nor does he wish this partiality to be ascribed solely to motives of local prejudice and attachment, but from a well founded conviction that the "Companion" must eventually surmount every difficulty, and at length occupy that station amongst like miscellanies, to which its literary claims will justly entitle it.

Though Zephyrus' imagination is not much disturbed by a purient inclination to read the effusions of his leisure hours in public print, yet it would at all times afford him considerable pleasure in finding, that they met with the approbation of Mr. Easy.

No. I.

Mr. Easy,

It is matter of surprise to me that so little attention should be paid to the science of Physiognomy in a country such as this, the rising generation of which are daily giving new proofs of an eager ambition to excel in the acquirement of literary accomplishments. For my part, as contemptibly as this science is held, by the *grand mass*, of what are termed literary characters, and in defiance of their vain and idle efforts to convince that it cannot be properly called, nor is it reducible to a science by any actual, unfailing, conclusive or practical application, I have from the time I read the first volume of Lavater, entertained the liveliest sentiments of attachment, and the profoundest veneration for the author of those fragments; as he has been pleased with modesty to term them.

Physiognomy cannot be reduced to an absolute science, or Lavater has been unable so to reduce it, because, no precise, conclusive and unfailing rules can be discovered and adopted, or he has furnished us with none! Such reasons as these, and objections equally frivolous and untenable in their nature are the arguments relied on by men incapable of embracing in one comprehensive view, a science of such magnitude and inconceivable extent in its various and complicated rules, so difficult and seemingly unintelligible, but far from being beyond the stretch of superior intellect. The same reasoning, if it have any shew of plausibility, with men of limited understandings, and confined observation, may equally apply, and in their time have been as boldly and peremptorily adduced against all other sciences in their primeval, rude, and uncultivated state, upon the first dawning of polite literature. Every species of scientific knowledge in its commencement made but gradual advances, and was slow of recog-

nition by mankind. All sciences, like the splendid and magnificent edifices of antiquity, have been reared up with slow-paced advancement. One unwieldy and ponderous stone was with difficulty placed on the other before they arrived at that proud, and towering pre-eminence which excited and rivetted the admiration of Pyrrhonic man.—The extraordinary efforts of a succession of enlightened and indefatigable martyrs to science, have at length plucked up by the roots every thorn that lay in the rugged and inscrutable paths, and so smoothed and familiarized her ways, as to render her once devious and impenetrable haunts, easy of access to the meanest enquirer.

Such, unfortunately, for the present race of men, has not been the case with Physiognomy. Little heard of, and perhaps almost unknown before the days of its great and enlightened architect, the world was suddenly alarmed, terrified and confounded by the bold and threatening theory of Lavater, which seemed at once to evidence an effort of aspiring rivalry with the Deity himself. Mankind could not remain quiet and undisturbed; and eager as they ever are of innovation and discovery, they paused an awful period, and feared to stamp his maxims with the seal of their unbought approbation. In every quarter of the globe, sprung up, virulent declaimers against the confuting principles of this stubborn impostor, this common enemy to the human race. He at last fell an unpitied victim to a relentless, unceasing persecution, and expired by the hand of an hired ruthless ruffian! Such thy fate Lavater! A man who could dare to search the secret cabinet of guilt, and "rive her seeming continent;" who should drag the villain from his lurking hole, and set his mark upon him "unwhipt of justice." Who would venture to pronounce that man a votary to vice before he should be intimate with his actions; that character degraded and debased which is prone to debauchery and corruption before he pursued him in his secret walks, and put his stamp of infamy upon the smiling sycophantick infidel.

The talent of observation was little cultivated, perhaps wholly unattended to before Lavater published to the world his physiognomical sensations. When he evinced a capacity to detect the hidden, artfully concealed propensities to the most disgusting vices, frequently disguised under the fairest faces: when too he discovered the most beauteous, noble and active characteristics of wisdom and virtue visible to him by certain indefinable traits, when the features are in action, which would defy the skill even of the most ingenious artist—a Reubens himself: Thus were jealousies, enmities and animosities excited, a blast

of resistless vengeance blown up against him, which eventuated in his own destruction. This was the fate of a man whose enthusiasm in the cause of truth, and deep-searching enquiries into the faculties and propensities of mankind, together with his own nature, had almost evidenced an intuitive knowledge of human nature.

But why should not Physiognomy become a science as desirously sought after and obtained as easily as any other? It were absurd to imagine its acquirement impracticable, and equally weak and preposterous to condemn it unattempted.

Early as it is in the morning of my life, perhaps vainly supposing myself as possessing some little talent for observation, I have devoted much time to the study of this science. I deem that time as far from being misemployed, and confidently hope I shall never repent, or feel the ill effects of it, as prompt as the ignorant may be to pronounce it a dangerous study and calculated only to mislead and blind mankind. And shall it be agreeable to the Editor of the Companion, of which I have since its establishment been a faithful and impartial reader, I will from time to time, direct to Mr. Easy remarks upon Physiognomy, and occasionally, observations upon the heads given in the works of Lavater; and by way of commencement submit to his judgment the following brief observations.

I can never see or hear objections to Physiognomy without feeling resentment or contempt. An hoard of trifling wittlings have attacked Lavater, and each seems to have plumed himself on stating a case in which he presumes Lavater's skill would not avail him. But they have all been egregiously mistaken, for he satisfactorily and ingeniously answered them all. But suppose he had not one; what then?

Take the face of *Bodmer*—(second volume) ugly, as every young man and giddy girl would call it: (but sublimely beautiful to me) take that face and compare it with one of Lavater's fools. Is there a man in the world so destitute of physiognomical sensation, nay even one of the said fools, who would not distinguish the difference? But it seems that a parcel of skulls were once found, and it was not known whether they were skulls of banditti, or of monks. "Lavater" (says the wit) "would have told at once." No! says Lavater, I might not tell; and he gives good reasons; but he might have given better. He might have said, that "a bandit might have made a monk, or a monk a bandit. The destination of man often, if not always, is beyond his own controul."

But it appears to me, that some of the advocates for

Lavater have spoken with as little sense or judgment as his enemies. What think you of the "*soul shining through the body as the moon shines through the ghosts of Ossian?*" Was ever a more ridiculous saying? and yet Lavater gives it as the saying of a monstrous learned man.

The truth is, and it need not be concealed, Lavater admits that the science of Physiognomy is not more certain than other sciences. Is there a man so miserably lost to common sense as to say, that if Lavater himself, the greatest of Physiognomists, should pronounce a wrong judgment, there is therefore no truth in Physiognomy? Preposterous in the extreme!

When any man says, "I don't like his looks, always was afraid of him," or "I was sure from his countenance that he was an honest man," &c. When such things are occasionally said by every man; and when every man, woman, child and even dog, examines the face of a stranger in order to form an opinion of him; and when every person supposes that he has generally formed a just opinion; when every one feels an impulse to examine, how can it be said there is nothing in Physiognomy?

Perhaps I am only detailing in less elegant language than he has used, the remarks of Lavater. Ah! says a wonderfully discerning man, true it is, that sometimes a judgment may be formed from the countenance; that is to say a general judgment, or a judgment with respect to some particular quality—you may say such a man has sense, but you cannot tell whether he is brave or generous, and so forth. You may say he is good-natured; but not that he is honest. In short, you cannot read his character as Lavater pretended to do.

To the world at large I say, read, study Lavater; give him fair play; divest yourself of self-love; discard your prejudices, and you will feel that he is right, notwithstanding he may be unfavourable to you. ZOPHYRUS.

THE BY-STANDER.—No. III.

Rarus enim Fermé sensus communis in illâ Fortuna.

————— *We seldom find
Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd.* STEPNEY.

It has been frequently remarked, and experience has corroborated it, that an independent fortune is generally an obstacle to the acquisition of knowledge. A young man who looks forward and anticipates the period when an independency is to be placed in his own hands, has little else to think about but the manner in which he shall use it. The supercilious arrogance he assumes on account of the dignity he considers attached to a large for-

tune, will of a precept riches, he which alone render him long been versed in the pomp of knowledge and fits the mind to shine so nearness at its estimable developed to Alas! how lustre of glistening rust many delusions leads to corruption and neglect of the important principle matter and It is no fits which delusion who scoff pecuniary by they pass piness and joysments.

The coming; but understand his power can desire. whose potential withstand luxuries of genial to ness? Does those appet manent ha ficial influ rather indu which flow which he dried up a benignity

time, will not permit him to subject himself to the dictates of a preceptor; but, building all his prospects on his riches, he totally neglects the improvement of his mind, which alone can soften the barbarity of his nature and render him a dignified member of society. Riches have long been the impulse to human actions. A mind unversed in the pleasures of literature will always estimate the pompous show of riches above the intrinsic excellence of knowledge, which imparts such felicity to the breast, and fits the mind for noble enjoyments. While a juvenile mind is infatuated with the splendor of riches, which shine so directly upon the world; it grasps with eagerness at its possession and contemns the recondite but inestimable pleasure of learning, which is gradually developed to the mind as it becomes fit for its enjoyment.—Alas! how many have been infatuated by the alluring lustre of gold, which, like the ignis-fatua to the wandering rustic, only beckons him to disappointment! How many deluded imaginations have pursued that path which leads to corruption and serves but the purposes of the body, and neglected the improvement of the mind, that component principle of man, which rises superior to consuming matter and bears the impression of its Maker.

It is not my intention unjustly to depreciate the benefits which certainly emanate from riches, but to dispel the delusion which veils the minds of young men of fortune who scoff at the improvement of the mind and estimate pecuniary emoluments above all other acquisitions, whereby they pass through this world ignorant of its purest happiness and unfit for the participation of any rational enjoyments.

The combination of riches with wisdom is a great blessing; but when wealth is obtained at the expence of the understanding it becomes a curse. A rich man has it in his power to partake of all the pleasure a depraved mind can desire. He is enabled to satiate all his passions, whose potency, unsubdued by reason, he is unable to withstand. He will participate in the enjoyment of all the luxuries of the world and receive those pleasures so congenial to the propensities of youth. But is this happiness? Does real pleasure result from the gratification of those appetites? Will this enjoyment render him that permanent happiness which will enable him to feel its beneficial influence in the evening of his life? Will it not rather induce a premature old age, when that fount from which flowed all his happiness; when that spring on which he was dependent for his only pleasure, shall have dried up and left him destitute of the only source, whose benignity he was susceptible of? Where, when declining

years shall bring down his debilitated frame; when he is unable to join the festive club; where has his happiness flown? Where now is that pleasure once in his estimation so superior to the improvement of his mind? Is it in the reflection of his past enjoyments? Do they not rather tend to add poignancy to his afflictions? Is it in the impotency of his body whereby he is unable to partake of his pristine frolics? Does he not on the contrary when he views them as the cause of his misery, curse the hour he commenced his base career and neglected the improvement of his mind; which now would uplift him in his affliction, and add the consolation of enjoying the pleasure he has been reaping in his younger days.

A man of fortune has it in his power to visit foreign countries, to view the curiosities of nature, and to cull the choicest maxims of the world; but can a mind unnurtured by wisdom, unexpanded by literature, and unameliorated by reason, be susceptible of the beauties of nature? Can the native darkness of his mind be dissipated by natural curiosities? Are not instances before us of persons illiterate but rich, who have returned from their travels with their minds stupefied at the wonders they had seen, proofs to the contrary?

While the ignited columns of Etna would fill with sublime enthusiasm the breast of a sensible man, an ignorant person would look on with gaping astonishment, and receive no other impression but that of fear.

The futility of pecuniary pursuits to obtain happiness; the misery which is the constant result of a life of luxury, which is the only pleasure to be derived from riches, and its insufficiency to afford a durable and unalloyed happiness when once obtained, tend all to indicate its inferiority to wisdom, whose dulcet beams illumine the mind in the decline of life and fit it for the eternal beatitude prepared for noble and exalted souls.

Oh wisdom! thou prolific source of all pure felicity, 'tis thou who warmest the breast with the glow of sympathy and fittest the soul for supernal enjoyments; 'tis thou who divulgests the recondite powers of the mind, and expandest the innate perfections of the soul: the vicious passions which enslave the mind ignorant of thy worth, fly at thy approach, and all the roughness of our nature seems melted at thy touch! Fill my breast with thy ardor, oh inspiring power, and teach me to nurture in my bosom thy ineffable excellence, which will enable me in the last dawn of life, when enfeebling age shall throw his hoary mantle around me, to reflect on the past with satisfaction, and to enjoy the result of my youthful labours with true felicity!

FOR THE COMPANION.

*Oh ! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumors of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful, or successful war
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained ;
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.*

COWPER.

By the perpetual tumults of the city, and the rumours of war and bloodshed, of depredation and cruelty, which seemed to engross the conversation of the busy multitude, to hear which I was from the nature of my calling necessarily exposed, my spirits were depressed, I was almost weary of the world, and ready to indulge such sentiments as these of the Poet—to quit the pursuit in which I was engaged—retire to some place where I might live in ignorance of whatever could disturb my tranquility—and bid adieu forever to society—such were my thoughts : but the recollection of tender connexions—of duties which I owed to the parents who had watched over my helpless infancy, and to the friends who had with parental kindness, conducted me safely to the years of maturity, arrested me in the prosecution of this precipitate design, and happily prevented its accomplishment. Still I was not reconciled to my situation. I wished for the enjoyments of solitude. When a day arrived, which by its remarkable temperature, favoured my wishes, I determined to quit the tumults of the city, and devote a few hours to contemplative retirement—Accordingly, I furnished my pocket with a favourite volume, on rural scenery ; took my walking stick and commenced my ramble.

I passed in a very serious mood through several of the principal streets of the City, and soon arrived to the summit of a hill, which when I descended it, hid from my view, the scene I was accustomed to, and of which I was so weary. Here I stopped, and looked with very differing sentiments, on the various objects which surrounded me. On one side, just under me, was the City : this was not, in my present situation, a subject for many of my thoughts. I endeavoured to banish it from them entirely. Beyond it however there was a scene on which I could gaze with more satisfaction. The beautiful villas on the west of the city were indeed a pleasing sight. Not far from my stand was the house assigned for the reception of the indigent sick. On the other side was the Patapsco covered with ships. After viewing with attention for some time, these several objects, with others more minute and less attractive, I descended the east side of the hill ;—on its declivity no objects attracted my attention, except a small grove of pines ;—and I descended it with my book in

my hand but it was not long that this occupied my attention ; it contained indeed many beautiful descriptions ; but nature is always more beautiful than art—my thoughts therefore were diverted, from the description to contemplate the thing itself. Not far before me was a wood, which I hastened to arrive at. There were several habitations of human beings still within my view ; but they appeared to be not the habitations of those who know the cares of an affluent or a busy life, but the lonely retreats of those who are contented with a simple competence to live secluded from a world of strife. An agreeable melancholy had by this time taken possession of my mind. I entered immediately the little wood, and derived a particular pleasure in observing the great variety which this sylvan scene presented. I counted the different kinds of trees—I noticed their different shapes and sizes, as well as their apparent different ages. But what excited the most serious reflections was, the consideration of the great length of time, that these trees are in growing, and the few minutes in which they are cut to the ground. I observed scarcely any that appeared to have attained their full natural age, and that no age was exempt from the fatal stroke. I moralised this observation, and it was indeed an affecting consideration.

Passing on, I soon found myself again in an open field. I marked as I crossed it the effect of this mild season on the vegetable world. I passed several lonely dwellings, and at length arrived at another resting place—it was situated on a declivity where the rays of the sun had operated with full force. Here, fatigued with my walk, I sat down and reclined myself against a sapling. My attention at first was occupied in examining the objects immediately about me, and I could but regret that so many young bushes had been suffered to grow up so near together ; for it had an unhappy effect on their growth, and appeared to be the cause why so few of them were fit for use. But I dwelt not on such objects ; my eyes were, by the situation in which I was placed, naturally turned upward. I beheld the vast expanse of heaven. There appeared a profound pause ; a most sublime, and tranquil majesty appeared displayed in the upper regions, and an awful stillness pervaded my soul. Every passion had subsided, and every object seemed to bear witness in a manner not to be disputed, to the Omniscience, Omnipotence and Omnipresence of the Deity. Thus I sat, till the great source of day had descended beneath the western horizon ;—when another luminary which had been lost in his superior splendour, made its appearance. I indeed considered myself under the protection of the Pa-

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rent of the universe; but the evening dew urged my return. I rose and walked towards the city. I wanted now the comforts of society; and as I walked, ruminating on the forlorn and helpless condition of man, I saw the necessity of human society. I considered the dependance of man upon man; and could do no less than acknowledge that a mysterious providence rules for the best. Yet, when I came to reflect again on the state of society truly it wounded me to the heart. Perhaps at this very moment there are thousands, notwithstanding the noble privileges with which they are blessed, above every other order of the creation—that every circumstance when properly considered, conspires to remind us of our dependance on each other, and the dependance of all upon God—who forgetful of all those things, are with savage ferocity, waiting with impatience for an opportunity to spill each others blood. Perhaps in the very city to which I am now going, there are many, who, not thinking that that God sees them, are deliberately transgressing his righteous law. When this is the case, when mankind are thus abandoned to wickedness, what can be expected, but that such should be the instruments of each others destruction.

A secret intelligence then saluted my ear,—“Acquiesce in the dispensations of Providence—commit thyself to his disposal—in whatever situation thou art placed, attend to thy own particular duty, and be not anxious further than this.” I came to the place from whence I departed—retired to my chamber, and, after having commended myself to the Divine Protection, quietly closed my eyes in sleep.

SECLUSIUS

At the late anniversary feast of the Musical Society, London, a new catch was sung, in which we find the following pun:—

“I am unable, (yonder beggar cries)

“To stand or go.” If he says *true*, he *lies*.

A Mr. James Cross, whose profession is Cotton dying and scouring, thus quaintly prefaces a short public notice, in a paper printed at Charleston, S. C. “All trades must live, but one must *dye*.”

A labourer's daughter, who had been in service from her childhood, when weary, would be frequently wishing to be married, that, as she emphatically termed it, she might *rest her bones*. Hymen at last listened to her prayers, and a neighbouring clodhopper led her to the altar, *nothing loth*. Sometime afterwards her late mistress, meeting her, asked her, “well, Mary, have you rested your bones yet?”

—“Yes, indeed, (replied she with a sigh) *I have rested my jawbones.*”

A dull parson, one Sunday afternoon, suddenly stopt in the midst of his discourse, and looking round the church, exclaimed—But why should I say any more, seeing you are all a-sleep, except that poor ideot there? pointing to a poor fellow somewhat deranged; who rising up, sharply made answer—Sir, if I had not been an ideot, I should have been *sleeping too*.

EPIGRAM.

Joe Sprightly once courted a beautiful maid,
She ask'd, “Had he form'd a connexion in trade?”
“Not yet,” he replied, “but I have one in view,
For I hope to become *sleeping partner* with you.”

On hearing two worthless cowards challenge each other in Drury-lane playhouse, a gentleman present wrote the following stanzas:

In Drury's lobby, Tom and Dick
Pull'd each the other's nose:
And yet if Dick or Tom was right,
Pray who the devil knows?

“I am a gentleman!” cried Dick,
“And so (quoth Tom) am I!”
Each strove to hide his trembling heart,
While each roar'd out—you lie!

Dick said, “I'm cousin to Lord Cog:”
Tom swore, “he roll'd in riches.”
Dick knit his black Patrician brows,—
And Tom pull'd up his breeches.

Now if this palsied pair should meet,
Impell'd by common sneers,
If *either*, or if *both* were shot,
Pray who the devil cares?

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

SEDLEY'S “Key” cannot appear in the Companion. We replied, “in our own way,” to his illiberal remark in the Port-Folio; (to the Editor of which we are much indebted for this specimen of politeness) but have nothing additional to say, unless further “provoked.”

To adopt the language of a numerous and respectable class of gentlemen, in the midst of whom we prepare the literary banquet, “we inform our friends and the publick, that we have received *by this week's arrivals*, a large and general assortment of” Manuscripts, “amongst which are,”

PHILOGAMUS—STEADY—OBSCURITY—ERIN—J—
FIRST—JOHN GAUKY—S. F.—E.—
“&c. &c.”

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy,

The following was occasioned, by the death of Miss ———
The youth, beauty, merit, and accomplishments of the deceased;
the vanity of this life and the great debt we all must pay sooner or
later; recurring to my mind with additional force, as "The slow
hearse conveyed her to the grave," my juvenile pen, impressed with
the ideas of my imagination, produced the following lines. I am
conscious of the many faults that will strike the eye, even of impar-
tial criticism, on examining them; but should you charitably ad-
judge them a place in the "Companion," you will oblige the infant
muse of the author; and should they be so fortunate as to arrest the
giddy career of youth even for a moment, or give birth to the repen-
tant sigh in the bosom of sensibility, he will be amply rewarded.

TIROSTAPHENOS.

"NEQUE ULLA EST AUT MAGNO AUT PARVO LETHI FUGA."

Hark! the bell tolls, how awful is the peal,
That calls the mourners 'round the fair one's grave,
Vice e'en is forced at virtue's shrine to kneel,
And man, awakened, cries—my God, oh save!

I started at the sound and join'd the throng,
That bore this once lov'd maid unto the tomb;
Silent we walk'd, each step was slow and long,
And heavy looks proclaim'd the general gloom.

Her form was stamp'd in symmetry's best mould,
Her eyes replete with soft celestial fire;
A purer heart, this earth did never fold:
A chaster soul, ne'er went before its sire.

Mild were her manners as the setting ray;
Soft were her accents, as the eastern breeze;
Blithe as the lark, that sings at op'ning day;
Her placid look evinc'd her heart at ease.

Scarce had her mind expanded to the light,
Scarce had her beauties ripen'd into bloom,
When death, relentless, snatch'd her from our sight,
And her fair form consign'd to yonder tomb.

Her sorrowing parents had not ceas'd to mourn
Her brother's loss, an infant sweet and gay,
When their lov'd daughter quick from them was torn;
And her pure soul aloft was borne away.

"And weep not father dear, the suff'rer cry'd;
"Nor yield thy soul to feeble vain despair,
"Thy Country on thy virtue has reli'd,
"Thy Country now demands thy warmest care."

Such was the maid whose death we now bewail,
Such was the maid that lies beneath yon sod,
Such was the maid that late dwelt in this vale,
And such the maid that's now beside her God.

Ye giddy youth when walking round this spot,
Consider life is but a fleeting shade;
Reflect a moment on your certain lot,
And try to live—and die, as did this maid.

Could wealth have turn'd aside the mortal dart,
Could beauty stop the never erring hand,
Could sweetness—Elegance or purity of heart,
Then this lov'd shade had still adorn'd our land.

But death determin'd to display his power,
Neglectful of her friends', and kindred's sighs,
Smote youth and beauty in the lively hour,
And signed her passport to her native skies.

Ye female train, Columbia's highest pride,
When Sol retreats into his western bed:
Ponder on this, as round her tomb you glide,
And tread the roscid grass, that shades the dead.
Baltimore, February 22, 1806.

Walnut Hills, February 8, 1806.

Mr. Easy,

The following is from the pen of a gentleman, whose lucubrations have
oft illumined your celebrated pages, and though the language is not
sufficiently conformable to the true spirit of poetry, nor the subject
possessed of those neoteric qualities, requisite for this species of com-
position, still, I am induced to send it for publication, if after un-
dergoing the test of your classic ordeal, it should be deemed mer-
iting a place in the Companion. My true motive for sending it is,
the author having always condemned those juvenile effusions of the
innocent mind as beneath the notice of a rational being, and was un-
warily led into this attempt by his mistress throwing on the table
the game of whist two hearts when he (her partner) called but for
one? The lady after repairing her mistake, jocosely remarked that
a man of his penetration could not long be at a loss for her true
motive; and the gentleman, following the impulse of the moment,
presented her an hour after, while sitting at supper, the follow-
ing. I have his permission to make any use of it I think pro-
per, and by your inserting it, you will not only oblige me, but prove to
the world the truth of the trite saying—"Omnia Vincit Amor."

TIROSTAPHENOS.

Long have I sued, Amanda, for thy hand,
Long have I wished to wed, no more to part;
But thou, the haughtiest beauty in the land,
Hast said, thy hand can't go without thy heart.

As two are often chose a third to name,
Perhaps by playing two you kindly proffer
That I should act for those two cards the same
As agents do? My heart receives your offer.

Then, dear Amanda, as you've kindly play'd
Two hearts when I for one did only ask,
Take back these two again, dear lovely maid,
And give but that which wears so fair a mask.

For, know, dear maid, thy charms have fettered strong
A breast despising either guile or art;
Then smile, Amanda, where you've frown'd so long,
And take my hand:—you long have own'd my heart.

E. B.—s.

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